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# MOTHER EARTH

**Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature**

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## THE ARBITER

By GRACE FALLOW NORTON.

*When I was a wee child,*
*A-singing in the sun,*
*Came the knell, like a leper's bell,*
*Of the Fateful One.*

*In his mouth was hunger,*
*In his hand was want;*
*There I shook beneath his look,*
*Bled beneath his vaunt:*

*"I am lord of bodies,*
*I am lord of souls;*
*I am lord of half the horde*
*That die between the poles.*

*"I laugh at all the teachers*
*That have not taught of me.*
*I make the rules of all their schools—*
*My name is Poverty.*

*"I laugh at all the nations*
*That have no thought of me:*
*For still their laws of me are cause—*
*My name is Poverty."*

*When I was a wee child,*
*A-singing in the sun,*
*Came a knell, like a leper's bell:*
*'Twas the Fateful One.*

## OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

MODERN life is too strenuous for thought. The great majority are mere automatons, dull slaves of custom and habit. Sheeplike they follow the beaten path. They drift, mute and unquestioning.

The struggle for existence is so intense it leaves no time for reflection. To pause to consider were fatal to all accepted notions. To question were to revolutionize. Why all this struggle? Why this misery? Mother Earth is generous without stint to her children. Why struggle rather than share? Why starve in the midst of plenty? Why turn a world of beauty into a valley of tears? Why?

To question were to revolutionize.

* * *

"SUFFER little children to come unto Me," taught the Nazareth Carpenter. His Christian followers have applied their Master's teachings in a rather peculiar manner. For there are no greater sufferers from existing oppression, exploitation, and hypocrisy than the little children, the children of the poor. No pen can adequately describe the misery of misunderstood childhood. Grinding poverty leaves no room for understanding between parent and child. Nor is care and understanding all the poor man's children lack. They are deprived of the very necessaries of life, and thousands of little ones are virtually starving in this glorious land of ours. Recent investigations by the Board of Education of Chicago have disclosed appalling conditions. Five thousand children who attend the schools of that city are habitually hungry. Ten thousand other children in Chicago do not have sufficient nourishing food. In the canvass made by truant officers, mothers were found who regularly go to bed hungry themselves, in order that their children may have a scant breakfast the next day. A large number of children—reads the report—have only bread saturated in water for breakfast, day after day; the noon meal is bread or bananas and an occasional luxury of soup made from pork bones; children often frequent South Water street, begging for dead fowl in crates, or decayed fruit; others have been found searching for food in alley garbage boxes. Several cases were reported where hungry chil-

dren at school picked up crusts of bread, or fragments of lunch which other children had thrown away.

Similar conditions exist in all the large cities of this, the richest country on earth. Can there be a more damning indictment against existing institutions?

* * *

ONE of our sweetest national lullabies has ever been "Equality." Of course, we have long since outgrown it. Yet, like the child too old for fairy tales, we still vaguely cling to the dear old tradition. At least we could still confidently point to *one* institution where perfect equality reigned: the prison,—the model, on a limited scale, of law and order triumphant.

It must therefore be quite a shock to the good citizen to find even this last hope a disappointment. Recent disclosures affecting Sing Sing prison bring to light a rather interesting situation. Even prisons are not exempt from the march of civilization. That last bulwark of equality has capitulated to the trumpets of Mammon. It has become civilized. It keeps step with General Progress.

The press pretends to be "amazed at the remarkable disclosures of graft" at Sing Sing and other prisons. A regular system is in vogue there—we are informed—of buying immunity from hard labor; bribery and corruption are rampant. Rich prisoners are given sinecures—for a consideration—while convicts lacking money bear the brunt of the hardest work and brutal treatment.

There is nothing in all this, however, to stamp prison conditions as "amazing." Exactly similar conditions prevail outside of the stone walls: the prison is the perfect model of capitalist society.

* * *

THE suggestion that criminals be sentenced to vivisection has by frequent repetition lost all flavor of originality. Yet some learned fools still continue to bid for notoriety by clamoring "in the interest of science" to have condemned criminals sent to the operating table. This time the fool killer has been unusually active at the tenth annual convention of the National Medical Association, composed of colored physicians and pharmacists. Heated discussion took place at their recent sessions relative to the advisability of scientific experiments on crimi-

nals condemned to death. A certain Dr. A. M. Brown, surgeon of the Tenth United States Cavalry during the war in Cuba, made a hysteric plea for vivisection. "Crime would be lessened by such a penalty," he asserted, "and science would receive an impetus."

It is significant that the suggestion originated with an army surgeon. His tribe is known for its exceeding tenderness of heart. But evidently Dr. Brown's experience on the battlefield did not prove sufficient "impetus" to his science.

The coarse hand of commercialism is withering everything it touches. A once noble profession has become a mere career. The shrine of Aesculapius is deserted. His disciples, absorbed in the worship of Mammon, have become devoid of the idealism, the humanity of their former master. Nor have they gained in understanding what they lost in humanity: for the one is the complement of the other.

The real "impetus" that medical science needs is *sincerity*. The structure of artificiality misnamed civilized life is not conducive to health. Repression causes anemia. Only full expression—liberty—can give vigor and life to body and mind.

Every decent doctor knows that the great majority of our diseases are the direct result of poverty. Unsanitary conditions of factory and tenement; unhygienic lives; want and wretchedness; adulterated food-stuffs, underfeeding, prostitution—these ever-multiplying thistles on our economic field are the true sources of disease. Abolish them, and the science of medicine will have received a thousandfold the "impetus" so much desired by the humanitarian army surgeon.

As to the deterring influence of atrocious punishments, our Doctor evidently cares little and knows less about the history of criminal jurisprudence. There is not a country in the civilized world where crime has not multiplied in proportion to the law's severity. Furthermore, the last word has not yet been said in criminology. Is the soldier or the general the greater criminal? Is society or its victim the greater culprit?

* * *

THE recent National Convention of the Industrial Workers of the World, held at Chicago, may be

justly characterized—without the least exaggeration—as a truly inspiring phenomenon, to be rejoiced over by all friends of Labor.

Not because of momentous questions satisfactorily decided, or difficult problems solved for the benefit of the industrial proletariat. Nor because of wonderful eloquence of the delegates or some winged words thundering through the breadth of the land. All this were but of secondary importance as compared with *the spirit* of the revolutionary element among the delegates—the spirit of mute heroism and silent sacrifice; of international brotherhood and solidarity; of intelligent rebellion against all forms of oppression and slavery.

That is the spirit that actuated to an unusual degree those delegates who, lacking the means of transportation, had to cover hundreds of miles on foot, travel by freight and in box cars in order to participate in the Convention. Suffering is the true test. Many are willing to orate, but only those who can cheerfully *suffer* for it are worthy of a noble cause. With such men in their ranks, the I. W. W. may confidently hope that success will crown their persistent efforts towards industrial emancipation.

But what a contrast between such an earnest idealistic element and those parlor knights whose erstwhile revolutionary principles have become a "private affair," the main efforts of the party being now directed towards vote gathering. How pitifully small the pygmies of political Socialism look alongside of those rebels at the Chicago Convention, the living symbols of Labor awakened.

* * *

PIOUS hypocrisy stands aghast. It points a scornful finger at the unmasked Senator, and cries, "Fie! Unclean!" With an unctious smile of self-satisfaction it resolutely turns its back upon the fallen.

And the good citizen feels respectability vindicated and talks of purified political life. To-morrow he will wake up to find a Congressional corruptionist unmasked. The day after a judicial scoundrel at the pillory. And so forth, *ad nauseam.* But his faith in the glorious institution remains unshaken. He may indeed suspect that politics is itself a hopeless mire of corruption, and that his lawmakers are servile creatures of the money power. But he is convinced that government is a great institution and

he will continue to shout for "his" party and "his" candidate.

A pitiful farce. It has well been said that government always represents the organized ideal of the lowest and stupidest of its citizens. It cannot, from its very nature, rise above that level. Corruption is its native atmosphere. To talk of purifying politics or of "good" government is sheer stupidity or hypocrisy.

* * *

"PATRIOTISM," the lecture by Comrade Emma Goldman that has created much comment on the Coast and has brought down the wrath of the military authorities on Private William Buwalda, for daring to listen to it, is now ready in pamphlet form. An able cover design by Miss Lola Ridge, an Australian comrade, represents Patriotism with its foot on prostrate Liberty.

We feel that the pamphlet is a valuable addition to our literature, especially so since it is the first anti-patriotic document in America from an Anarchist standpoint. We hope that the comrades will send in their orders for large quantities. The pamphlet costs five cents a copy; three dollars a hundred, postage forty cents.

* * *

THE MOTHER EARTH Harvest Ball was indeed an artistic success. The hall and buffet were beautifully decorated with all the gifts of Mother Earth. Those of our friends who attended the affair enjoyed themselves royally. That there were not as many as on former occasions is probably due to the crisis, which has made a deep impression on the pockets of most people. As a result, MOTHER EARTH will have to report a poor crop. However, as true Samaritans we console ourselves that, even if we did work hard to accomplish an artistic effect, our friends worked harder in making merry.

# POLITICS: A DELUSION AND A SNARE

By W. C. OWEN.

FOUR years have rolled along and once more you are called to take part in the great American intellectual debauch. Bands play, cannon fire, flags wave, parades march, every device that ingenuity can conceive is employed to plunge you in hysteria and rob you of your wits. It is indeed necessary, for the managers of the show, from the Presidential nominee to the candidate for dogcatcher, are running on you the biggest bluff that a gang of confidence men ever invented.

Imagine what your course would be if a man who had no claim whatever on your friendship invited you to devote time and money to procuring for him a position that should pay him a handsome salary and cover him with glory. Would you not at once ask why you should be called on to sacrifice yourself for him? If you refrained from kicking him out would you not, quite naturally and justly, say: "Well, if I help you to get this nice, fat job, what am I myself to have?" And if he answered: "Why, my dear Sir, you will have the pleasure of marching in my parades, shouting yourself hoarse for me, and listening to my speeches"—if he were to answer thus, would you not become highly indignant? Certainly you would.

But the position is even worse. If you were giving your time and money to put him in a berth where, though it would enrich him it would not impoverish you, the thing would not be so bad. But he asks you to put him in place and POWER, that he may have you at his mercy, by governing you. He invites you to elect him as your master. No wonder he has to burn red-fire and stupefy you with noise, that he may steal away your brains.

The fact is that this gigantic political swindle would be an impossibility if most of us were not still largely savages who love a fight. It is by appealing to this barbarous instinct that the trick is turned. Just as in the past the king has been able to pit his subjects against the subjects of another king, though they had no quarrel with one another and got nothing in return for all the blood they shed, so does the politician of to-day pit his

army against that of his opponent. And you get just what the king's subjects always have got—the kicks and blows.

Perhaps you think the kicks don't matter, that the fun is worth the money. That is where you make your greatest mistake. The kicks that you get are deadly wounds, and the fun is the tragedy of the lives of the poor. It is thanks to this never-ceasing warfare that, despite all the fine speeches, nothing whatever is done to improve your condition. The man who produces the wealth still lives in the slum, wears the poorest clothing, eats the coarsest food, is ordered hither and thither, is eternally despised, and is periodically driven to despair by being thrown out of work.

Why should you expect these politicians to improve your condition? That is not what they are there for. Politics is war, and the object of all war is to win the battle. The troops are there to be used, to die by the tens of thousands, if necessary, that the gentlemen with the gold epaulets may enjoy the prizes, strip the conquered, and lord it in their turn. Do you think that generals fight battles in order that the rank and file may be enriched?

The absolutely mortal wound that you incur in these continually recurring wars lies in this—that you are interested in just one thing—the immediate and complete eradication of the causes responsible for such a grossly absurd state of things as that which now prevails, wherein those who do the world's work are the ones that starve. You are perpetually talking about this absurdity. You are demanding explanations. You are insisting on a thorough investigation. You want to know. And in the tumult of political campaigns, in the fury of battle to the death, nothing is ever truthfully investigated, nothing is ever learned.

### VOTES ALL THEY CARE FOR.

The game is one of war, and in war the side that by the most adroit use of lies, deceit, and stratagem can win the power to itself is the side that wins. And the object is always to win. All the sonorous, philanthropic orations are meant to catch votes and are for nothing else, to secure the majority that wins the victory.

A moment's consideration will show you that this is so. Is not the entire oratory of a campaign directed to getting votes? What chance have unpopular opinions of securing a hearing, however truthful and necessary to our welfare they may be, and often are? Is there a party in existence, from the Republican machine crowd to the latest reform aggregation, that will tolerate on its platform an orator, however eloquent he may be, the effect of whose utterances is to scare away rather than attract votes?

The art of the successful politician lies solely in being all things to all men; in wheedling the reformer with promises of reform and assuring the privileged monopolist that his bite is not nearly as dangerous as his bark would indicate. He promises all men everything; he performs only under the grimmest necessity. And thus it comes about that, after generations of wild-eyed political campaigns, the monopolist, the plutocrat, is more firmly seated in the saddle than at any previous time in the history of this country.

No man can play an active part in politics and keep straight. It is an impossibility, because the moment he speaks the truth as he sees it, that moment he ceases to be a conciliator, a vote-catcher, and he is pulled off the stump. Why, for example, is the Socialist Party everlastingly expelling members for voicing unorthodox views, or on charges of immorality? Because the party is shocked? Not at all; but merely because it calculates, coldly and deliberately, that the victims' usefulness as votecatchers is at an end.

Straight men have convictions, and men with convictions make enemies. They cannot be induced to go round, hat in hand, and tell the temperance man that they are for Prohibition, and the liberty man that they are for liberty; the eight-hour man that shorter hours is their pet hobby, and the man who sees deeper that they are for far more radical measures. But this is just what the successful politician does, and must do.

Honest and well-informed men recognize, as clearly proved by history, that there are certain elements and organizations that are absolutely fatal to the cause of emancipation, which is the cause of the workers. No well-informed man questions for a single moment that

the superstition that the Church, and especially the Roman Catholic Church, teaches day in and day out is an absolute enemy to the cause of truth and progress. Yet there is not a political party in the country that is not at the present moment conciliating with all its might and main the Church vote, and such alleged radicals as the Socialists, who are, almost to a man, by conviction free-thinkers, are busily engaged, to their eternal shame, with this infernal and truly traitors' work. It is a practical world, they will tell you, and a vote is a vote. Yes; but that is the cold-blooded assassination of truth and of the educational work, on the success of which, as they are never tired of repeating, the emancipation of the worker depends.

### ALL PRINCIPLES ABANDONED.

"The old parties have been tried and are found wanting," cries the Socialist. And he is right. But how about the Socialist Party? For generations the Socialists have been shouting, "Workingmen of the world, unite! We know no distinction of creed or color." Now they are talking the restriction of immigration, although they know full well that it is not the poor laborer from abroad who is your enemy, but the greedy monopolist who has got a corner on the country and its industries. For generations they have been telling us that they were for freedom. Now they are edging with all possible speed toward an alliance with the Prohibitionists, whose creed is the negation of all liberty.

They declare loudly that they have no quarrel with religion, and their ranks swarm with clergymen and lawyers, the two classes that, far more conspicuously than any other, are professional adepts at running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. They can find themselves even in harmony with the military, and such a dyed-in-the-wool man-hunter as Gen. Funston recently declared publicly that he and his men would serve a Socialist government loyally and without any reluctance. Yet, side by side with this, they have the unparalleled audacity to avow themselves the only revolutionary party in existence, the declaration being made solely with the object of catching radical votes.

In controversy with Anarchists, who have no difficulty

whatever in proving that government, with its armies, its navies, its police, judges and hangmen, is supporting all the social abuses that keep the poor as they are, these Socialist party men declare that they hate and abhor the present capitalist government as cordially as we do, and that they have no intention of strengthening it. They deny in the most vigorous language that they are State Socialists. But when they are interviewed at their Chicago convention by publicists of reputation (See "Harnessing Socialism," by Ernest Poole, *The American Magazine,* September, 1908) as to what their real programme is, they answer: "Instead of wanting to destroy the government we mean to build it up by giving it more and more power, and this by entirely legal and peaceable means, and only step by step." And Victor Berger, their leading spokesman at the center where they are most powerful, Milwaukee, says: "A second revolution is just what we DON'T want. We expect to come into power gradually, step by step, first in the cities, then in the State legislatures, and last of all in Congress."

Commenting on the answers he received, Mr. Poole, who is a conservative and apparently approves the "harnessing" that the old revolutionary Socialism has received at the hands of this revolutionary (?) political party, says in his final summing up: "If the Socialists continue to change; if they spend more and more time on concrete measures and less on their millennium dreams, it is not improbable that in the next twenty years they may grow to be a small minority group, as they are already in France, Germany, and England."

It is fine consolation for the starving outcast, is it not, this outlook? Let him work faithfully for this party for the next twenty years and he shall be rewarded by seeing Victor Berger and a few other ambitious politicians forming a minority group in Congress. Why don't you take off your coats and work for them? Surely you are traitors to the cause of the workers if you fail to do so!

What a lie; what an unspeakably monstrous lie this political propaganda is! With a cold-blooded brutality only possible to those whose sense of right has been paralyzed by political ambition, it checks every attempt on the part of the proletariat to rebel against the truly terrible injustices under which that proletariat suffers.

Let any man, roused for the moment by righteous indignation into irrepressible protest against the injustice of society, rise to voice his discontent, and these same alleged revolutionists will hound him down, declaring him an Anarchist and public enemy unless he will in the same breath urge his audience to vote the Socialist ticket as the sole remedy.

### PAST AND PRESENT.

Nothing was truer and finer than the speeches and writings of many of the old school of Socialists, at a time when the movement had not degenerated into a nose-counting, vote-catching party. They analyzed existing abuses mercilessly, saw clearly who were the enemies that keep the workingman pinned down on his back, and denounced them without mercy. They exposed remorselessly the deadly influence of the Church, which spares no resource to rob the worker of his independence of thought—the one invaluable weapon, without which he cannot even begin his battle for emancipation. They flayed the law, with its cold-blooded judges, its hired gladiators of the courts, its spies, torturers, and hangmen. They refused absolutely to make even a temporary truce with militarism, which is the incarnation of might trampling on right. And all this they were able to do, thereby profoundly influencing thought and performing the gigantic task of generating the world-wide wave of rebellion which is even to-day the very life-blood of the Socialist political movement, because they had no axe to grind, no interests to conciliate.

Compare the addresses of political Socialism to-day. Criticism of the Church and the law has sunk to the timidest of whispers, for the party swarms with clerics and lawyers, and it is difficult to speak harshly of the man whose vote you are trying to conciliate. Although at the same time the Socialists are well aware that the Church was never more active than she is to-day, while laws multiply and increase in severity at every point.

The old Socialists denounced in the plainest terms the millionaire, saying that he was a thief who made his money by the robbery of labor. To-day a thousand and one excuses are made for him by the political Socialists, and you are told that he, too, is the victim of the system. Why? Because the party has been cultivating million-

aires, and is able to point with pride to many who have joined its ranks.

We, for our part, willingly admit that a man is not responsible for the position into which he has been born; and we, too, rejoice when a man who has inherited wealth sees the horror of modern civilization and joins hands with us in helping to rend it. Many an Anarchist has done this, devoting his life and fortune to that service. But that is an entirely different thing from the class of millionaires whom the Socialist Party is actually developing; men who use the party to make even more money; to further their ambitions by gaining a truly contemptible notoriety, or to add a pleasant variety to the monotony of life by joining a circle where their money cuts a tremendous figure, and they are, therefore, certain of adulation.

It is a fact that the ranks of modern political Socialism swarm with men who, making use of the insight that the propaganda gives them into the methods whereby it is possible to rob the poor, are themselves unceasingly busy as rent and interest gatherers.

### CRIMINALS OF CRIMINALS.

We say unhesitatingly that the man who has had his eyes opened to the atrocious robbery of the poor, yet continues actively at work in that very career of crime, adding dollar to dollar and acre to acre, is the most cold-blooded and unpardonable of all criminals. We say further that the party that winks at, and even smirks over, his conduct is itself a partner in the treason. From such rotten seed no good harvest can result.

All this comes inevitably from the political propaganda, the essence of which is to make little of the individual and to consider only the mass, as representing votes. Principles and the great, vital truths that lie at the root of the entire labor movement, supplying it with life, are thrown to the winds. Drunken, blind so-called expediency, Jesuitism, rules supreme.

If you want a concrete example, look to Germany. There you have the motherland of political Socialism; there you have thousands of devoted, well disciplined party sheep to every hundred this country can show. And what has been the result?

Thirty years ago Germany stood foremost in the ranks of advanced thought. It was Germany that led in science; it was Germany to which the freethinkers and would-be emancipators of an enslaved world turned with ever growing hope. And to-day Germany is the most Kaiser-ridden, military-cursed country in the world, Russia not excepted. The Emperor rules, a true autocrat, and the worker may boast that he belongs to a party that has forty-three representatives in the Reichstag, making from time to time most eloquent speeches, but the bottom fact is that the moment he opens his mouth to complain of his unhappy lot the authorities throw him into prison.

That is what the ballot has done for him. Have you fared better?

Neither the old parties, mere agents of the plutocracy, nor the new party of political Socialists will or can ever do anything for you. It makes no difference for whom you vote. You only choose masters to still further oppress and enslave you. Cease to be their submissive tool. Stop being a sheep. You need no masters. Be a man; start to think and act for yourself. You will remain a slave as long as you are willing to delegate your powers.

Politics is a delusion and a snare. The workingmen can expect nothing from it. When they will cease to delegate their powers; when they will begin to produce for use, instead of for the employers' profit, then only will they win their freedom and independence.

## APROPOS OF MY LECTURE TOUR

THE announcement of my coming tour through America and Australia in the last issue of MOTHER EARTH has awakened considerable interest among friends and foes. The latter,—I mean the daily press,—are quite overjoyed, it seems, that America will soon be rid of such an evil as Emma Goldman.

Much as I sympathize with our bourgeois neighbors, I have to inform them that I have no desire to shake the dust completely of such a glorious land as ours. Besides, I believe in prevention of cruelty to animals, even to two-legged animals at the editorial helms of the New York *Times* and their colleagues who wrote such gleeful editorials about my departure. To leave America for good

means to deprive these poor creatures of the only interesting object to write about. Where are their little brains to turn to for material of Anarchist plots and conspiracies, if I am not here? And therefore, if for no other reason, I shall have to return.

That our friends and comrades are interested in the coming tour they have proven by numerous requests for lectures from various cities along the route that I am to take.

I am therefore already able to announce that I will lecture on:

Oct. 18th-20th at Rochester, Germania Hall, Clinton avenue, N.

Oct. 21st at Pittsburg, Turn Hall, Fourth street.

Oct. 22d-24th at Cleveland.

Oct. 25th at Cincinnati, Vine Street Church.

Oct. 26th at Cincinnati.

Oct. 27th-29th at Indianapolis.

Oct. 30th to Nov. 1st at St. Louis.

Nov. 3d-6th at Kansas City.

Nov. 7th-13th at Omaha.

Meetings are also being arranged at Lincoln, Neb., Council Bluffs, Des Moines, Sioux City, Minneapolis, Fargo, Bismarck, Butte, Spokane, Seattle, and Portland. After that I shall go to California, where I expect to spend a month.

In cities where we have but few comrades, Dr. Ben L. Reitman will act as advance agent, in order to save time and break new ground. I ask the comrades to give him every assistance possible.

Below are the subjects I will discuss on my present tour:

The Dissolution of Our Institutions.

The Psychology of Violence.

Puritanism: the Greatest Obstacle to Liberty.

Life versus Morality.

Marriage and Love.

The Drama: the Strongest Disseminator of Radicalism.

The Political Circus and Its Clowns.

Mail intended for me should be addressed, as usual, to 210 East Thirteenth Street, New York City.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

# A REMINISCENCE

> But the President has paid dear for his White House. It has commonly cost him all his peace, and the best of his manly attributes. To preserve for a short time so conspicuous an appearance before the world, he is content to eat dust before the real masters who stand erect behind the throne.
>
> —*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

IT was a glorious time. The twentieth century was ushered in under the most favorable auspices. The era of prosperity reached its highest zenith, and the sons of the Plymouth Fathers revelled in ecstasy and superfluity.

Uncle Mark Hanna, the great Alonzo, was at the helm of the American commonwealth. He had splendidly organized the machinery of government. Calmly and quietly he now attended to the business affairs of plutocracy.

The parts were well distributed. Aldrich, Quay, Spooner, Foraker, Platt, and Dryden were in the inner circle. The Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge represented the dignity of the statesmen. Old Senator Hoar played the incorruptible tribune of the people. And the irrepressible rogue, Chauncey M. Depew, acted as drummer at public functions. While Elkins, Pettus, Morgan, Bailey, and consorts formed the chorus.

The presidential chair was occupied by puritanical sanctimony,—his Excellency William McKinley. To preserve for a short time so conspicuous an appearance before the world, he was content to eat the dust before the real masters who stood erect behind the throne.

In the background the heir presumptive was a-hunting. And some one was busy fishing in muddy waters—Abner McKinley, the worthy brother of William. He had charge of affairs that could not be reconciled with the dignity of the President.

Everything was in perfect order. Dignity had to be maintained at all costs. Mud-raking vocabulary was not tolerated. Terms like mollycoddle, milksop, fourflusher, liar, and rascal were not in vogue. Hanna liked patriarchical ways.

Like the *Rattenfänger von Hameln,* the full dinner pail lured the disinherited children of Europe to the golden

shores of limitless possibilities. Bankrupt aristocrats were doing a flourishing business. The daughters of Columbia joyfully exchanged the millions, coined from the flesh and blood of their wage slaves, for titles of nobility.

All had signed their souls to his Majesty, Satan Get-Rich-Quick.

The little victims of the cotton mills in the South cried to deaf ears; no one heard the groans of the haggard workers in the sweat-shops; in vain, too, the curses of the men in the bowels of the earth; in vain the cry of despair of the disinherited. No one heard, all were deaf.

The air was heavily charged with the odor of hypocritical respectability. It was a glorious time.

Suddenly the lightning struck. Avenging justice made its mighty voice heard.

*"Nearer my God to Thee."*

What a change since the tragedy at Buffalo! The cancer of social corruption has since burst. The highly respectable representatives of the system are unmasked as thieves, swindlers, and robbers. The pillars of society stand in the public pillory. What a sight for the Gods!

* * *

> Our Redeemer, as a child, played in Nazareth with the cross on which He saved the world. O Polish Mother! In thy place I would give to thy son the toys of his future to play with. Give him early chains on his hands, accustom him to push the convict's dirty wheelbarrow, so that he shall not grow pale before the executioner's axe, nor blush at the sight of the halter. . . . . An unknown spy will accuse him; he must defend himself before a perjured court; his battlefield will be a dungeon underground, and an all-powerful enemy his judge. The blasted wood of the gallows will be the monument on his grave; a few women's tears, soon dried, and the long talks of his comrades in the night time, will be his sole honor and memorial after death.
>
> —*Adam Mickiewicz.*

Who was the youth chosen by destiny to shatter the bulwarks of the ruling class?

July 12th, 1901, a young man called to see me at the office of *Free Society,* an Anarchist weekly, then published at Chicago. As I was not in, he was requested to call again. He returned towards dusk the same day, and I invited him to my room.

My visitor began the conversation in Polish, saying that his name was Niemann, that he had come from Cleveland, and that he desired to inform himself about the Anarchists and their activity. He had seen my name in the Anarchist papers and decided to look me up on his arrival in Chicago.

I remember vividly the change in his face when I told him that my knowledge of the Polish language was too limited to converse in it. The Slavonian sound was soft and melodious, but his voice displayed a hard ring when he began to speak English. His entire demeanor became more rigid.

His features were fine and sympathetic, and his eyes, of a beautiful blue, rested with a shy and melancholy gaze on the things about him. Though born and reared in America, his Slavic descent was apparent. He spoke of his longings and experiences. It was the story of the typical proletarian.

Born in Detroit, the child of poor parents, Niemann was compelled at a very early age to take up the struggle for existence. Oh, for the bitter cup of that struggle, which he had to drink to the very last drop. Nothing but wretchedness, want, misery, and dull despair all his life. His spirit rebelled against the gloom and oppression of his surroundings. He sought for some relief, some deliverance from our social slavery. His fellow workers in the shop and union, however, had very little understanding for his longings. Later he joined a Local of the Socialist Labor Party in Cleveland. But there, too, disappointment awaited him. He had hoped to find ideals, enthusiasm, and earnest endeavor for human liberation. Instead he found nothing but indifference, political compromise, and efforts directed toward vote catching. Disgusted and dissatisfied, he now turned to the Anarchists. He was anxious to learn their aims and how they proposed to bring about the downfall of the capitalist system.

He had but a vague idea of Anarchism; his questions as to Anarchist organization were naïve. All this became clear to me only later. At the time of Niemann's visit I was preoccupied with other matters. I regret with all my soul not to have had the chance to know him better, to become more intimate.

I was obliged to discontinue the conversation.

Comrade Emma Goldman, on her way East from a lecture tour, was leaving Chicago that day, and I had arranged to accompany her to the station. I invited the young man to come with us that he might meet Comrade Goldman. On our way downtown we exchanged but few words. Having to meet another engagement, I left him with some friends at the station.

Two weeks later a letter arrived from Cleveland, denouncing my visitor as a police spy. A terrible blunder of blockheads! I know not whether he ever became cognizant of this denunciation. If he did, it must have gripped him terribly. Again he had sought for understanding and kindred souls—in vain.

On September sixth the Associated Press reported the attempt on the life of President McKinley, the assailant's name being given as Niemann. An hour later the office of *Free Society* was raided by the police, and every one present, including myself, arrested. The same evening we learned that the name of the young man at Buffalo was—Leon Czolgosz.

Those were exciting days. The capitalist press raved madly and demanded victims. Plutocracy was deeply wounded. One life did not satisfy its blood-thirsty clamor. Emma Goldman was chosen as a special target. In her person plutocracy hoped to stifle the revolutionary movement in this country.

The pistol shot at Buffalo has demonstrated the lie of the contentment of the American people. It has unveiled the terrible contrast of classes. The shrill voice of the oppressed and the exploited re-echoed all over the world.

The apologists for capitalism made frantic efforts to stamp Leon Czolgosz' act as that of a foreigner. But in vain. He was a true type of the native American workingman.

The patriots of this Republic gladly accepted the aid of Kosciusko and Pulaski in their fight for American independence. Why should their descendants protest against a native American with Polish blood in his veins? He, too, gave his life in the battle of independence—the independence of the American proletariat.

Leon Czolgosz presents a unique figure in the annals of revolutionary history. Never before did a fighter for

freedom go to his death so absolutely alone and forsaken. What he suffered before the act, the horrors he endured in Auburn prison,—these remain untold.

He met his executioners with haughty contempt, he walked to the death chamber with quiet dignity and simple grandeur.

October 29th, 1901, Leon Czolgosz' heart, so full of human sympathy, was brought to a standstill. His last words were: "I did it for the people, for the good of the workers of America."

But for his act pious corruption were still enthroned unmasked.

HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

## THE CASE OF THE IMPRISONED ITALIANS IN PHILADELPHIA

ALL readers of MOTHER EARTH are familiar with the story of last February's "riot," and the subsequent arrest, trial, and discharge of H. Weinberg and myself. What they are not so familiar with is the case of the four Italian "rioters," who were railroaded through the courts and sentenced most mercilessly by Judge Von Moschzisker. Three of these men were Social Revolutionists, the fourth an Anarchist; the latter received a five year sentence.

During all the time that money was being raised for our defense, little or nothing was said about these, the worst sufferers in the whole affair; and not until after our case was settled, did the Defense Committee endeavor to find out anything concerning the condition of their families. I take my personal share of blame for this; I listened to indefinite stories that they were being helped by certain charitable rich women, and did not take the time to verify or disprove them. My comrades did the same.

After the settlement of our case, it was resolved to see what could be done for the prisoners. We learned that owing to their lawyers' not having taken exception to any of the Judge's rulings, it was not possible to secure a new trial; we could only appeal to the Board of Pardons.

At the business meeting at which this matter was discussed, the old Defense Committee concluded its existence, and a new committee was selected. Of the money received by the old Committee, $26.64 remained, which was to be turned over to the new Committee for the benefit of the prisoners or the support of their families.

There had been collected by the Jewish *Frcie Arbeiter-Stimme* a very considerable sum, which had not been turned over to the Philadelphia treasurer, and which the management decided not to turn over for the benefit of the Italians, reporting that letters from the donors charged them not to do so. Another considerable sum was collected by the Anarchist Federation, this time with the express understanding that it was to go *to all the arrested* who needed it.

Of this last, I, acting as treasurer of the new Committee, received $150.00 from Alexander Berkman.*

Meanwhile I made inquiry as to the pardon proceedings, and our lawyer undertook the matter, thinking the necessary expense of copying records, trips to Harrisburg, etc., would not be more than $100.00 This amount I paid him. Having at length learned the address of the two families resident in this city—a third is in Italy, and the fourth prisoner unmarried—I sought them out. I found each of the families, consisting in one case of a mother and three children (one a month old), the other a mother with three children and about to give birth again (twins have since been born), living in one room. No rich women had done anything for them or been near them; only poor Italian comrades, almost as poor as themselves. To each I gave $5.00, money which had been given to me for them by a Catholic priest! The Committee then decided to send each of the two families $3.00 a week, as long as we had funds. The fifty dollars sent from New York has now been thus used up. Of the $26.64 left in the former treasurer's hands I have received $14.64, six of which has already gone to the families. I sent $5.00 to the family in Italy. The pardon case comes before the Board on the 21st of October. And

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* The Federation had previously—last March—forwarded $125.00 to Natasha Notkin, the treasurer of the former Committee. Since the receipt of this appeal by Comrade De Cleyre, the Federation sent her $50.00. A. B.

now we suddenly are met by the fact that Judge Von Moschzisker, through an unusual proceeding, has made necessary an outlay of nearly a hundred dollars more,—copy of a certified type-written record of over 150 pages.

This, then, is the situation. There is not a cent for the purpose in my hands. Those who had charge of the funds have decided to use them for other purposes. I now make appeal *for this purpose,* with the assurance that all money sent to me will be accounted for strictly, and not one cent be given for anything but the purpose designated. Send money directly to me.

Are these people, because they are poor and unknown, to be left the victims of this injustice, when hundreds of dollars were raised for us, because we were better known? Our need was not so great as theirs, for all we lost was a few days' work. These men's families are starving.

At all events the case will go before the Pardon Board; but I ask you, who read, to help bear the extra cost.

Address

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE,
531 N. Marshall St., Philadelphia.

## THE PROPAGANDA

IT is pretty generally agreed among the comrades that the great need of the movement in this country is a weekly agitation paper, a paper that will carry the message of Anarchism to the workers; a paper that will, as it were, step into the factory, walk into the union, or stop on the street corner and discuss, in a familiar way, the questions that are vital to the here and now. In this way only can we ever hope to interest the workers in our ideas, and start in their minds that process of thought which will make them potent rebels against the present order,—rebels with a real remedy. The worker is a very practical fellow. Every man is practical who has an empty stomach, or the lurking suspicion of one not far away. That is why the workman is more interested in his trade union than in metaphysics, and why he will never bother himself with the solution of ultimate questions, except for the sake of immediate ones. If you want to interest the worker in the future, you must become interested in the present. The practice of standing high up

and, preacher-like, megaphoning the people is played out. The men who influence the world to-day are they who step down from their pedestal of learning and mix with the crowd.

This was the spirit that pervaded the Anarchist Congress when it agreed upon the policy of going into the unions and encouraging these organizations to move toward Direct Action. That was surely the most important move the Anarchists have ever made, outclassing, if possible, that other wise decision on Anarchist federation. I see this same spirit behind the able article by Comrade Owen in a recent number of MOTHER EARTH.

To agitate, get subscriptions, and help raise a fund for the publication of a weekly to be called *The Labor Agitator,* I will make a lecture tour beginning in Boston on October 3rd and extending to the Pacific Coast.

I have selected the following subjects for discussion, with preference for the first two on account of their practicability and special application to the present:

"Why I will not vote."
"Trade Unionism and Industrialism."
"The Pest of Anarchy."
"Social Democracy or Communism?"
"Woman and Economics."
"Marriage and the Family."

After election the word "will" in the first title may be changed to "did."

Comrades wishing to have me address their unions, clubs, societies, etc., may communicate with me as below.

All communications will be promptly forwarded to me while on the road.

Fraternally,

JAY FOX.

190 Clinton St., New York.

# THE SOUL OF THE PEOPLE

By JESSIE KEY HABERSHAM.

Through long years of tyranny and oppression, with superstitious reverence, the people have called upon the "Little Father" to help them in their misery; and the "Little Father" has replied with the bullets and whips of the Cossacks:—but the day will come when the Soul of the People shall awaken, and the Voice of the People shall be heard.

*The spark is hidden in the dust,*
*The ashes 'round it lie,*
*And slumbering 'neath its shrouding crust*
*Seems but to fade and die.*
*A thousand years the volcano sleeps*
*Full silent as the tomb,*
*A thousand more its semblance keeps*
*Of death, obscured in gloom:—*
*But it shall wake to storm and fire*
*'Mid thunder's hollow roll,*
*And in destruction dark and dire*
*Men see the demon's soul.*
*Ye shall not know the day nor hour*
*Ordained by Fate alone,—*
*That mystic, still, pervading power,*
*The terrible—Unknown.*
*The spark is hidden swathed in gloom,*
*For shadows 'round it lie,*
*But Fate will yet unseal the tomb,*
*The Spirit cannot die.*

# LITERATURE: ITS INFLUENCE UPON SOCIAL LIFE

By H. H.

IMPORTANT changes in the life of a people find their most decisive expression in contemporary art. The work of the artist, the composer, the painter, the sculptor, or the writer mirrors the reflex of the various struggles, hopes, and aspirations of our social life.

The creative artist has the deepest appreciation of the tendencies of his time. He is therefore the fittest exponent of new ideals, the true herald of the coming reconstruction; indeed, he is the prophet of the future social order.

The fiercer the combat between the old and the new worlds, the more intensely will their ideals find expression in the literature of the time.

We, too, the children of the twentieth century, have our problem,—probably the greatest problem mankind has ever been confronted with. To find a similar yearning in all social ranks for the change of things one must turn to the time of the Reformation, and with the most valiant rebel of that period, Ulrich von Hutten, we may joyously proclaim: "Ours is the most glorious era to live in!"

As in previous times of social reconstruction, it is the discontented intellectuals who are the leading spirits in the struggle. Old ideals no longer satisfy them. The existing injustice arouses their indignation. Thus the literary rebel is the most pronounced type. True, he is still denounced and attacked by the philistine pillars of society. Nevertheless he has achieved the greatest success. Read by everybody, he becomes the admonisher and the awakener. The growing number of rebels among modern writers of this country is certainly a good omen for the progress of the American people. The considerable output of radical books is unquestionable proof of the great social unrest and leavening.

* * *

"Together," a social critique of considerable merit, by Robert Herrick (Macmillan Co., New York), treats of a vital problem,—modern marriage. The background of the theme is to be found in the recent crisis which has

acted like a cloudburst upon our industrial and financial world. Mr. Herrick shows how middle-class marriage, largely based upon monetary considerations, inevitably proves a failure and ends in the courts; while the offspring of these unions grow into heartless and soulless parasites.

The few solitary souls of independent mind in this social stratum, attempting to live their own life, are soon pushed to the wall, made impossible by their stifling philistine surroundings.

"Together" is a fine psychological study of the pressing problem of the sexes; but the solution proposed therein is in no way satisfactory.

Mr. Herrick's ideal of the strong, self-reliant man, as personified in Dr. Ranault, would soon suffer shipwreck and fall back into the fangs of our insatiable social monster. The author's conception of a free union entered into by free men and women, a union that is to replace modern marriage with all its degrading influences, one that is to bring joy and fellowship, is very beautiful; but under our present social and economic inequality such unions must forever remain the privilege of the very few.

The problem of the sexes is too closely related to other social problems; its solution lies in entire social regeneration. Men and women of a free society will indeed be able to lead their own life, to be truly free and find one another without hindrance.

However, that does not detract from the value of Mr. Herrick's effort. Both for its able and bold criticism, as well as on account of the author's social position, it cannot but act as a potent influence in stirring mental inertia and moral laziness.

* * *

"Moneychangers," Upton Sinclair's second volume of his Trilogy (B. W. Dodge & Co., New York), is by no means an artistic success. One seeks in vain for a single character that awakens the sympathy or even the interest of the reader. He will find nothing but stilted figures without life or psychological definiteness. The author was probably seized by the maddening whirlwind of our capitalist world and therefore feels in duty bound to turn out a new book every three months. Naturally one can-

not expect thoroughness from hasty work. Maybe Mr. Sinclair doesn't care for artistic quality; he prefers the rôle of the agitator, his motto being, *J'accuse.* A very commendable rôle, indeed. But, if it is to strike deep, it ought not to lack form, still less exclude logic.

"Moneychangers" depicts the manipulations of Messrs. Harriman, Belmont, Rockefeller, Frick, and consorts; the savage attack of these financial hyenas upon the lesser members in the family of beasts. It treats of the collapse of our alleged prosperity, built upon swindle, fraud, and fictitious values; a prosperity that fattened upon the blood and sweat of the masses. All this the author pictures in bold lines; but the effect is completely lost because of the improbable cause of this industrial *débacle,* which Mr. Sinclair tells us is the passion for a woman on the part of one of the trustocrats. No doubt these worthy gentlemen are willing to go to any extent which their money can purchase. Still, our financial arrangements are a trifle too complicated to be brought to a crisis by such a flimsy cause.

"The Jungle" was not merely a great agitative stroke; it was equally so literary. It is to be regretted that Mr. Sinclair's succeeding works show evident signs of deterioration.

## AT TWENTY-SIX

YANKEL wrote his story out a year ago, finished it just as the clock struck twelve on a hot July night. He did not write it on paper with a prodigality of words; he wrote it on the flags and cobbles of the city streets, stamping it in with his boot heels. He wrote it in the darkness before the dawn, by the starlight, often in the storm when even the starshine failed; sometimes in rain and bitter sleet, sometimes in splashing snow and mud, shaken with the early cold; sometimes in the sultry, breathless summer heats, burning with the quick-drawn breath of the runner who hurries before the Morning,—always running, with the Morning behind him, a desperate race.

The Morning caught him at last, with his newspapers on his back and a knife pain sticking in his side. It never let him go again; and so the story ended in the

middle, and Yankel has no more to do with the world. Only the question remains, Was it really the Morning conquering at the last, or was it the foredoom of his Birth that set his life to stop at twenty-six?

This is the story beaten down in the brick and stone by the running feet (strange feet, from a far land they had come, and the stones were very inhospitable to them) —the story of a strong young heart, tender and true to an undue duty, and shrinking from no hardest task, but looking forward with hope's eyes, till it met that short sharp end that cut hope clean, and life together.

Yankel's mother died when he was four years old and she was twenty-six. There were two others, younger than he. She died of galloping consumption.

What should a father do, who is left so? Marry again; what else? Marry a housekeeper who will claim no wages, a faithful nurse who will serve his children. As to the woman, well—what of her? Can he afford to consider her? She will not be his beloved, she will not replace the dead, she will be servant to him and his. There will come no glory into her life; no one will ever tell her the sweet, soft lie, "You are my first and my last love, dearest." She will know from the beginning till the end that she was a necessity, chosen not for herself, but for her service. Can he whose motherless brood are lifting their baby hands to his helplessness, think of those soul wounds, that will burn and eat the woman all her life? He brought these out of nothingness into the world, and these are first! And for what is a woman born? For what does a man thank God that he is not so born?

If she so chosen is a very good woman, she will love the children more because she cannot be first to her husband; if she is a little less she will be jealous and bitter. Yankel's father chose a very good woman. Being a Jew, he married his dead wife's brother's child; and at eighteen she was thrust into this loveless life of serving and—bearing. Ten children were the fruitage of her body,—"as many as God gave." Sometimes she thought that God was over-generous. Not all lived: these overcrowding buds blast easily. Still of the thirteen, nine were left when the father died. And Yankel was twenty-three.

This was the price he had to pay for his early nurturing. The dying father laid his hand upon his son's, saying, "Care for my little ones." And he did. After his weary run before the Morning, he would come home and take the baby-sister in his arms, and with the dainty, waxy, ring-framed face nestled against his weather-roughened sleeve, the two would fall asleep.

He never complained of his dwarfed and crippled youth. Was it because he understood and had resolutely set his face to overcome in silence? Was it because he was so dwarfed and crippled he did not know he was a dwarf and a cripple? Was it the wisdom of the old, or the blind acceptance of tradition by the young, that made him drive himself like a race-horse to win money, money, money!—money for his oldest sister's dowry, money for his little brother's learning, money for a future business, —and nothing, nothing at all for his own soul's rest or delight! Did he not know, or did he know too well? Did he gamble on the strength that did not last, for the sake of a rainbow image he alone saw over the edge of a far morning, or did he never see aught but the dull dusk of Things for Things' sake?

Nothing matters to him now; but this is the question point that stands at the end of his life: "Where was the fault?" Whose was the fault that a strong, young heart beat out at twenty-six?

As I said, the Morning caught him limping home, with a blade of pain sticking in his side. Then the doctors worried him a while,—tapped and listened, listened and tapped, and prescribed air, sunshine, rest, some other rigmarole. Some said it was one thing, and some another, and they operated on him, and he died. And there was bitter mourning in the little house as the yellow Dawn stole in upon the motionless figure that nevermore would run before it.

One doctor said his lungs were rotten, had been for long. Was it her fault, that dead mother's, with the wistful, child-like face, whose portrait hung upon the wall above his bed? Was it her fault that she had borne a son, leaving to him the fateful heritage of early blight? Should she have known? Should she not have known, that twenty-two years afterward there would be a resurrection of Death, and that the agony she died would die

again? Did she know the plague spot in herself? And, witting, leave the dreadful curse to him? Was it her fault?

Was it his fault, that dark-faced father's, who stilly watched from the wall, that for his orphaned children's sake he had brought another wife to fill the mother's place, and gone on begetting sons and daughters reckless of what fate awaited them? reckless of the burden he was gathering for those young shoulders? Was it his fault?

Was it her fault, that unloved girl's, who for her health and strength and youth was chosen as a cow within the market place, and set to tend and breed, and meet life in her ignorance? Was it her fault that she had thrown the weight of her children's lives on him and ruined his young years, even as her own young years had been ruined for his sake? Perhaps in some dull, aching way she felt it so, as she rocked to and fro in the dim light, moaning, "Oh, he laid down his life for the little children! What shall I do?"—Was it her fault?

Or was it our fault, yours and mine, that we ask that others do hard service for our sake? That others smite our pleasures from the stone while we yet sleep? Because we ask that in wind and snow and sleet and rain and darkness some one's feet must run before the Dawn? Some one whose need is great and whose feet are therefore willing? Was it our fault that, because of his little brothers' and sisters' hunger, we could lure him out in the burning and the stinging weather,—with his rotting lungs? Was it our fault?

Fault of all: but all men's fault is no man's. So we fold our hands and sleep again, while Yankel turns to dust, and his young brother runs before the Dawn.

# MOTHER EARTH SUSTAINING FUND

## RECEIPTS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Subscription List No. 39, per M. Dumas, New York | $2.00 |
| Subscription List No. 26, per Fagan, Portland, Ore. | 7.00 |
| Subscription List No. 40, per Joe Bouquet, New York | 1.00 |
| A. Lott, New York | 2.00 |
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| Ferdinand Earle | 5.00 |
| E. G. Lecture No. 1, New York | *29.92 |
| E. G. Lecture No. 2, New York | 19.84 |
| E. G. Lecture No. 3, Bronsville | 43.04 |
| Subscriptions and Renewals | 21.50 |
| Total | $150.30 |

## EXPENDITURES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Deficit, as per Sept. account | $397.98 |
| Cost and office expenses, Sept. M. E. | 180.00 |
| Total expenditures | $577.98 |
| Total receipts | 150.30 |
| Deficit | $427.68 |

** The figures for E. G. lectures represent half the net proceeds, the other half going to the group "Freier Arbeiter," under whose auspices the lectures were held.*

## BOOKS RECEIVED

LES METHODES DE LA RAISON. P. Froument, Paris.

DER STAAT. STAATS-SOCIALISMUS UND ANARCHISMUS. WAS IST SOCIALISMUS? SIND ANARCHISTEN MOERDER? Benj. R. Tucker (Translation by John Henry Mackay), Berlin.

FACTS ABOUT SALARIES AND LIVING CONDITIONS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. Harvey Elbridge Westgate, Los Angeles, Cal.

LA VIE NATURELLE. Henri Zisly, Paris.

POLITICAL PRISONERS HELD IN THE UNITED STATES. Elizabeth D. Trowbridge, Santa Barbara, Cal.


# WHAT I BELIEVE

## BY EMMA GOLDMAN

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